

Nothing Ever Happens on 90th Street

Text Change

Nothing ever happens on Orpheus Street. You'd think on a street named after the god of music and creativity there would be more to write. Whenever I observe my surrounding on a walk through the neighborhood, all I see is a couple of joggers, people walking their dogs, toddlers laughing and playing games, and the occasional skateboards. Orpheus is just too happy and peaceful.....Cheyenne

Nothing ever happens on Dewitt Avenue except for the loud obnoxious dog next door to me. Except for the Harley Davidson cruising down 101. Except for the tens of thousands of birds chirping happily in the honey suckle bushes. Nothing ever happens on Dewitt Ave. except for the bang, bang of the hammers and nail guns at my under construction house across the street. Except for the Coaster speeding on the tracks at full speed. Except for my puppie running up to me and giving me some puppy love kisses.....Connor

Nothing ever happens in my yard except for my dog howling at cars passing by, except for the bright sun going down to sleep, except for the trees swaying with the light breeze, except for the birds chirping to the sun good bye, and hello to the moon, except for my brother playing rock as I write, except for the stars shining so bright. I can write in the dark except for my family haveing a good time, except for the frogs croaking in the lush green grass, except for my dog coming to me asking to play, except for the clouds leaveing the suns light, except for the sound of the cars coming and going from the freeway, except for the plane flying over my head full of excited passengers. Something always happens in my yard....Brandon